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The Last Page from My Journal

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popular voice, their master, is silent. But when the world looks on, they cherish their faith as their being.

Continuing the generalization, we come to the insignia of nations and states: and here the questions which first proposed themselves to me, again arise in my mind. Their isolation, so to speak, from all historical incidents, the want of fabulous legends, and the exclusion of the individual, call for deeper and more mature study than the classification of such as I have mentioned—the study of shades of character. We speak of Grecian and Roman emblems and inscriptions as though all others were inferior: in romance this is true, but not in philosophy; theirs were founded in fables, ours in the hearts of our countrymen. When events and fables fail us, we look to something higher, to things unwritten save in the "eternal mind." The only resort remaining to discover the origin and fitness of the coat-of-arms of each State, is in the genius of its people, not a part, a majority, but the whole. Then casting aside all accidental circumstances, we arrive at something fixed and substantial. In this light we look upon the coats-of-arms of any State as a mirror, in which may be traced the feelings, thoughts, and characteristics of that State; hence the charm of each, and the harmonious commingling of the whole. Virginia well sets forth her character when she places her foot upon the tyrant’s neck, and cries "Sic semper tyrannis." How comprehensive and beautiful! It records her history and breathes forth her noble sentiments. We read at one glance her bold and patriotic exertions during the Revolution, and admire the ciuitatem morem atque legem of her after days.

The even course of Maryland, from her organization as a State to the present day, justly entitles her to her coat-of-arms. She has never been found wanting to do her duty; and justice has always presided in her deliberations. The temple of Georgia, calm yet severe, represents her firm and inflexible faith to the Constitution, and opposition to tyranny. We love to gaze upon it, because of the idea of the loftiness and grandeur of human nature it conveys to us. I would continue my journeyings throughout the States, but too long a tour makes us weary and wish we had never set out.

THE LAST PAGE FROM MY JOURNAL.

"Nemo sapit omnibus horis."

April 1st, 1849.—A bright and lovely Sunday morning! The genial rays of the sun smile through the window. But notwithstanding the sweet serenity of nature—I shudder! I would not tell why, and yet I must; for a journal to be of any worth, must be truthful.

It was one year ago, that I was sitting clasped in the arms of this old and tried friend, my rocking chair, and lost to everything around, save that most
admirable production of Mr. Dickens, 'Master Humphrey's Clock': I recollect distinctly, I was reading where the convalescent Swiveller awoke from his slumber, and views with astonishment the Marchioness playing "cribbage" with herself. I'm quite sure he could never have been more startled than was I, on seeing a being somewhat of the same description,—I afterward concluded she was an evil spirit,—enter, and having presented me with a card, vanish. The card was "done up" in the neatest style imaginable, and solicited my company that very night at Mrs. Foolem's. Now I was well enough pleased at this, for Sarah and Ann Foolem were universally regarded as the nicest belles in the neighborhood, and considerable "specs" withal. I was also the more elated, because I was assured by two of the greatest lady's men in College, that they felt themselves very much slighted, at not being "bidden"—especially as report confirmed, what the fineness of the card indicated, that it was to be a prodigious "blow out."

Scarcey had that brilliant luminary, which smiles equally on deeds of virtue and infamy, to which the heathen do homage, as unto a glorious God, lifted to its face the veil of vermilion; Anglice, scarcely had the sun set, when I bolted my door, and set about making preparations for the evening; and as the town-clock struck seven, I sallied forth in my very best apparel, with a half bottle of Eau de Cologne on my handkerchief, and as much pomatum on my head; (and here I may observe en parenthése, that my friend Jenkins said I looked as if I were just out of a band-box, and my neighbor Gasaway said that I was like unto a strong man about to run a race;—the fact was, I was destined to get into a box, and likewise to run a race!) It did not take me long to reach the house, nor as long to jerk the door-bell,—which, if I had attended to it properly, would doubtless have sounded as the knell of the curfew. The door was opened by a maid-servant, who on seeing me, started back; now I didn't know the reason for this—couldn't divine it; perhaps the scent of the pomatum came near knocking her down, perhaps she smelt a rat—if so, it's more than I did. Whatever was the cause, certain it is she started back, and it would have been well for me had I done the same; on the contrary, I went in, threw off my cloak, and entered the parlor—but oh scissors! what did I see! Why the old lady and her two daughters sitting in their usual dress, one of the latter writing, and the other sewing! the room presenting about as much appearance of a "blow out," as my own room, No—!! A bewildering and death-like chill crept over me, as I peered about the room, to see if it was really the widow Foolem's parlor—alas, it was even so—half-past seven, and no guests! I was aroused from a state of insensibility by the noise of a bell, not however of the door bell, as I had fondly hoped, but of the supper bell!! I would feign have drawn a curtain over this scene; I excused myself from attending the table, more by keeping my seat than by words,—for they were inarticulate. I will not attempt to describe my emotions during their absence at the supper table; I recollect, however, peering about the room stu-
pidly—and finally resting my vacant gaze upon the piece of paper, on which Miss Ann Foolem had been writing—

Probably no emotion of our nature has been met with so great a degree of unmerited censure, as curiosity. Men seem disposed to obliviousness of the divers good inventions, &c., arising therefrom; and invariably in this case seem to possess the greatest disinclination to judge of the tree by its fruits. You may prate about Eve's curiosity entailing death on our race—but don't tell me;—Was not Eve assured on the authority of Monsieur Diable, (the devil's a Frenchman,) that by eating the apple, she would be a more sensible woman?—and is not desire for knowledge praiseworthy? I have said this as a sort of apology for what men would call a mean action; charity, then, will consider this, in connection with my terrible circumstances, a sufficient excuse for my reading Miss Ann's manuscript; it ran thus:—

April 1st, 1848.

"Dear Cousin:—As I have nothing to do this evening, I think I'll write to you, as a recompense for the April fool I sent you——." "Good God!" I exclaimed, as I rushed out of the room; as I passed through the hall, the servants giggled immensely, as did the ladies who were just returning from supper; as I rushed out of the front door, my cloak caught in the door-bell handle, and it set a giggling too. In the madness of desperation, I ran forth with a duett of laughter pealing from Mrs. Foolem's parlor. When I reached my room, breathless, I found therein half of the College waiting to see the fun!——

* * * * * *

This is a beautiful day—yet I can't help wishing it over. I have just taken a nap, and had a dream;—Methought I was going along the street, and perceiving a neatly folded piece of paper, I picked it up; it was Ann Foolem's letter containing my invitation card! Just then a corps of friends cried and yelled—"April fool," "April f-o-o-l." Oh, I do wish it was Monday!

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

O weave me a wreath of the cypress and myrtle,
And bury me under the lone willow tree;
Where the soft plaintive coo of the heart-broken turtle,
While mourning its fellow, my death dirge shall be.

Then a pillow of roses and lilies entwine,
And gently upon it repose my cold head;
And over my bosom plant some unfading vine,
Whose sweet charm in winter will cheer my lone bed.